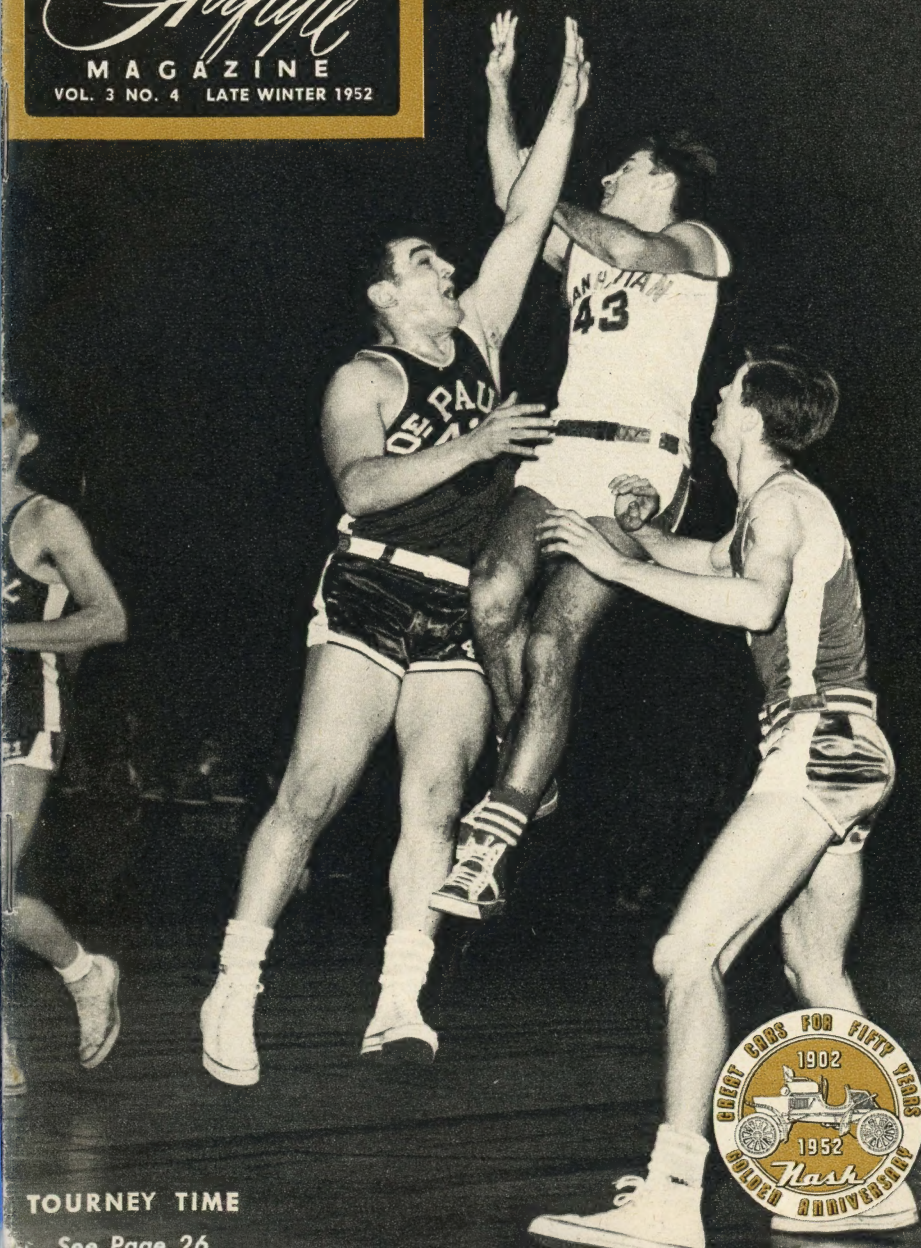


# Nash Airlyte

MAGAZINE

VOL. 3 NO. 4 LATE WINTER 1952



TOURNEY TIME

See Page 26





LATE WINTER ISSUE • 1952

VOL. 3



NO. 4

*Editorial Offices*

*431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Mich.*

*Published by and distributed with  
the compliments of your  
Nash Dealer*

COPYRIGHT 1952 • NASH MOTORS  
DIVISION OF NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

**FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE**

America's Busiest Girl .....	Page 4
Who's Who Among Nash Owners .....	Pages 7, 24
House of Mystery .....	Page 9
Incredible Pinin Farina .....	Page 12
Nash Owners Forum .....	Page 18
Hollywood's Best-Dressed Man .....	Page 20
Smiles Along The Road .....	Page 22
Favorite Eating Places .....	Page 25
Basketball's Biggest Show .....	Page 26
Helpful Hints From Nash Owners .....	Page 28

\*\*\*\*\*

With spring just around the corner and graduation only a few months away, this is the time of the year when thousands of school children across the land begin crowding the Nation's Capital for the annual sight-seeing tours. Many of the young visitors will be making the popular "Senior Trip"—an event they have worked for and looked forward to from the day they began their freshman year in high school. A "must" for all Washington visitors, of course, is the Capitol. And from now on through summer, the vast halls and corridors of that massive building—as well as the other numerous shrines—will echo youthful voices as happy Young America sees Washington.









All set for another public appearance, pretty Colleen Hutchins—Miss America 1952—steps from a plane to receive the plaudits of admirers waiting for her at the airport.

# America's Busiest Girl



Before she can leave the airport, Miss America obligingly poses for round after round of "shots" by cameramen.



About the only time Miss America has a few undisturbed moments to herself is at early breakfast—then the rush begins.



Queen for a day is a thrilling experience. But queen for a year—well, that's a different story!

Most people—reading about the annual selection of a Miss America at Atlantic City—are likely to visualize a glamorous young lady with little to do except be beautiful. With everybody bowing to this pleasant type of American royalty. With the queen herself living a life of ease. With showers of cash coming her way.

Well, some of these things do come to a Miss America. But if you think being the queen of 'em all is a "snap"—listen to the experiences of Miss America 1952: lovely Colleen Hutchins of Salt Lake City, Utah. She has been from coast to coast and in Canada—making personal appearances before thousands of people at everything from a ladies cultural club's afternoon tea to football games, Nash dealer openings and this year's New Year's Day Parade of Roses in Pasadena.

Television, radio, the press and theaters have made their demands on her time. High school and college groups have been charmed by her intelligence, personality and poise.

A typical day for Miss America would have her arriving in a city by plane. After a reception given her at the airport by dignitaries and the endless round of picture-taking, she'd then be whisked to her hotel for a little rest.

Maybe—but not often—Miss America does get a quickie nap. And then she's rushed say to an evening banquet. If she's lucky—she'll be in bed for a deserved rest by midnight.


Next day—it's up and at 'em bright and early. A department store wants her to appear at a special affair it is holding. A drama group—Colleen majored in dramatics at the University of Utah—would like her to speak to them and perhaps give a reading. The press—high school and collegiate variety—wants interviews.

Radio and TV stations seek Miss America for live and transcribed shows. Autograph hunters want her name for their books. Endorsements are sought.

And, of course, there are the never-ending luncheons, dinners and banquets—not to mention informal parties, teas and the like—PLUS business conferences, magazine writing and the many, many "little" things that come the way of being a Miss America.

Yet, 25-year-old Colleen Hutchins keeps up the pace in a masterful way—always charming, always ready to cooperate and always winning friends.

(continued on page 6)



Wherever she goes, whatever she does—Colleen is news. Here Miss America reads a newspaper story about her.





The queen gets a Christmas gift from Josh Jingle. Mr. Arthur L. Kramer Jr., Dallas department store head, looks on.



Civic officials always welcome Miss America to their town. Here Dallas Mayor J. B. Adoue makes Colleen welcome.



Even when she is relaxing in a hotel suite, Colleen graciously permits photographers to interrupt her rest so they can take candid or "informal" shots of her.

"And now just a word, please, to our radio audience." Miss America has been interviewed from coast to coast on local and network radio and television shows.







who's



who



## OFFICE ON WHEELS

John B. McCabe, editor of the Naragansett Newspaper Service in Thiells, N. Y., says he was born with three loves: art, literature and history. A close fourth was teaching.

Which career to follow posed a problem for him. And he attended several schools and colleges before choosing his life's work.

He was counseled on several occasions to become a university professor. And Mr. McCabe says he now wishes he had followed that advice. "It would have been the complete answer to how to make the most of my varied interests," he says.

Eventually the desire to write led Mr. McCabe into newspaper work—and he is still at it.

After leaving his native Rhode Island, he settled down in the Hudson Highlands of New York State, captivated by the beauty and historic charm of the region. This is the land made famous by Washington Irving. But Irving barely scratched the surface, according to

Mr. McCabe who feels the years since Irving's time "have added a richer-than-ever store of color and literary possibilities."

During the past 10 years, Mr. McCabe has written many stories about the moods, legends and history of the Highlands. He is now gathering material and photographic evidence that he hopes will "find its way into many books and magazines."

"I love this region along the Hudson River," Mr. McCabe says. "I have driven and hiked over its roads and mountain trails to find the little-known facts that get into my stories."

To make his work easier, the newspaperman-author rigged a desk behind the front seat of his 1949 Nash Ambassador and made it "a veritable office on wheels." On his rambles through the Hudson Highlands, Mr. McCabe says it is a simple matter to pause on the roadside to take an interesting picture or type notes for an article.



Roof-top view shows hodge-podge of architecture.





CALIFORNIA'S

# Mystery House

by CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM

Why should a woman build a house with 160 rooms and live there virtually alone?

Why did she build an elevator that reaches to the fourth floor—but opens only onto the second floor? Why build stairs that lead nowhere? Closet doors that open onto blank walls? Why put cheap veneer over expensive wood? Why screen doors for the bathrooms and gilt paint over German silver bathtub fixtures?

Visitors to the Winchester "Mystery House" just outside San Jose, Calif., ask themselves these questions, give up and reach for the aspirin box.

But when sightseers head back to nearby Highway 101 they are equipped with enough conversational material to last for a solid year of dinner parties.

Why "Mystery House" was built is a matter of gossip, legend and speculation. The fact is that here, now open to the public, stands a house on which 22 carpenters worked continuously for 36 years. A house with 160,000 window panes, six separate heating systems, plus 47 fireplaces and three communication systems. Its towers and cupolas stand on a six-acre estate as monuments of architectural confusion

and mute evidence of the unusual tastes of its owner, the late Mrs. Sara L. Winchester.

Mrs. Winchester, the dainty, four-feet, 10-inches tall wife of William Wirt Winchester of rifle fame and fortune, lost her husband and only child in rapid succession before the turn of the century. She was left with her memories and an estimated income of \$1,000 a day.

Legend takes it from there.

According to one story, the many rooms of the house were built because Mrs. Winchester, who had become a spiritualist, was informed by a message from beyond that as long as she kept adding to the house, the Grim Reaper would never overtake her.

Bereaved and timid, Mrs. Winchester was no woman to quarrel with such a message. Building began almost immediately. The home which in 1886 had nine rooms had a hundred by 1900. By the time Mrs. Winchester died in 1922, the 160-room total had been reached. And lumber, doors and mantelpieces are still stored in many of the rooms. They were material Mrs. Winchester had ordered for yet more building on the house.

The rooms are, for the most part, small ones, frustrated by useless

(continued on page 10)



*(continued from page 9)*

stairways, confused by cabinets with fake drawers and contradicted by priceless woods used next to cheap glass and rough brick.

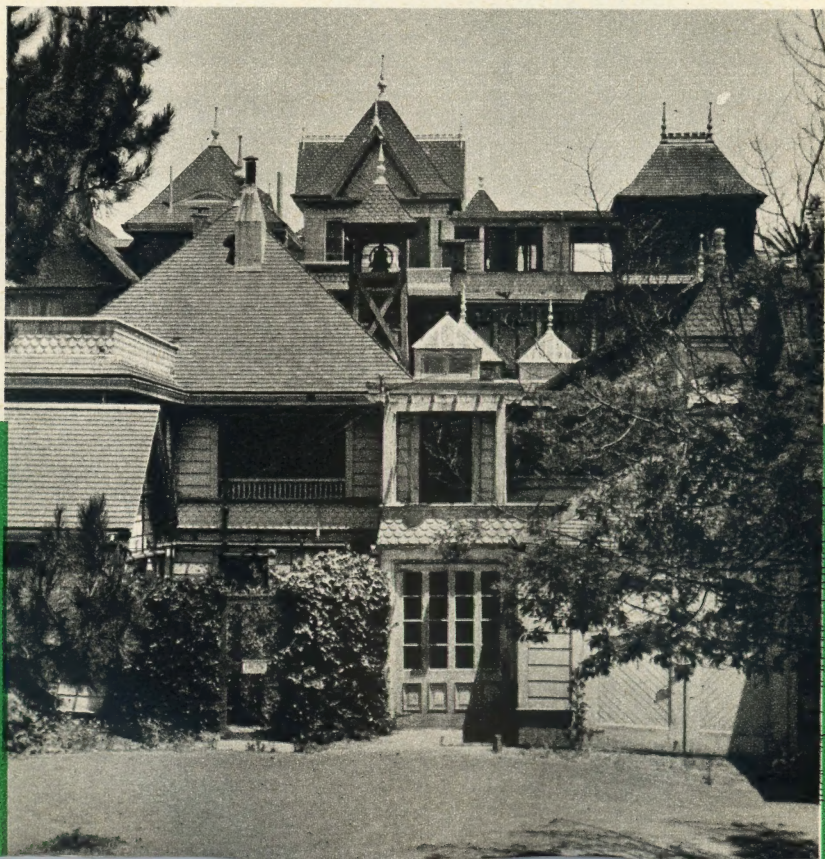
Now open as a tourist attraction, "Mystery House" offers Alice-In-The-Maze tours through a representative half of the interior. Fresh-faced collegian guides point out the features of the house and tell legends that gather like cobwebs of the imagination about the place.

In the ballroom, never used for a ball, are five kinds of beautiful hardwood made into an inlaid floor

—but the fireplace is the cheapest rough brick! Posts on many of the balconies are installed upside down. Placed prominently near the main front staircase is a cheaply made, plain glass window. Almost hidden from a line of vision in the same room is a magnificent, imported stained glass window inlaid with silver and bronze!

And nobody has been able to explain the screen or clear glass doors before the 13 bathrooms, the wall closet with a door that opens to reveal one-eighth inch of useless

*Gables, towers and odd construction stand out in this rear view of San Jose's "Mystery House." Some 22 carpenters worked continuously for 36 years building the house.*





space, the closed brick chimneys without fireplaces, or the short, steep flight of steps that ends slam-bang in blank wall.

In the house is one stairway with 44 tiny steps that winds seven times to climb 10 feet. According to the servants' reports, the stairway was built "because Mrs. Winchester had arthritis." No explanation is given for the 39 other, more or less normal, stairways.

Gossip and loyal servants disagreed on the reason for building four-story high inside balconies that look on nothing but lower floors and doors that open to nothing but a sheer drop to death. According to the servants, kept on salary until they died, the "open spaces" were for light and air.

An interest in numerology or remarkable coincidence may account for the repeated use of "13" throughout the house. Chandeliers have 13 lights, many of the rooms have 13 windows, wall and ceiling panels and floor boards usually total 13. And one clothes closet has 13 hooks in a prim row!

*Balconies in the middle of a room are a common sight in the "Mystery House."*



"Mystery House" also has features years ahead of the time they were installed. Laundry tubs have slanting sides corrugated to form washboards. Gas lights were lit by an electric spark. Conservatories are equipped with metal floors and drain outlets.

In "Mystery House" is the beauty of a lush era along with the curious, the unexpected and the inexplicable. In its history is true anecdote as well as embroidered legend. Guides and San Jose residents like best the true story of the time Theodore Roosevelt called on Mrs. Winchester.

Long before Roosevelt had walked up to the home's main entrance, Mrs. Winchester had watched his approach through optically-ground stained glass windows that magnify the view of the large front lawn.

The former President of the United States was told simply and bluntly that Mrs. Winchester did not care to see him.

It was probably the last time anyone tried to call on the secluded little woman.

Now hundreds visit the home.

*Conventional wall cupboard door opens onto an eighth-inch of useless space.*





## THE INCREDIBLE

# Pinin Farina

*A shy little man in Italy, the world's greatest car designer, waits to hear the reception of his first American car in mass production*

If you were to ask the 10 top designers in the world "Who is the most influential person in automobile design today?" their single and spontaneous answer would undoubtedly surprise you—"Pinin Farina of Italy."

Or—if you could make a curbstone car survey among royalty and the world's distinguished leaders in arts and industry—those of impeccable taste and unlimited means—you would again hear the name of Pinin Farina and see his royal crest on their personal cars.

For years Pinin Farina has dominated the international automobile

shows at Paris, Rome and London. He himself cannot tell you how many scores of awards he has received or how many design trends he has initiated. Each year the flair of a Farina fender line or the tilt of a windshield becomes cabled news and moulds the making of future cars from America to Moscow.

In Europe, the Farina crest (symbol of royal appointment) on a car has long over-shadowed the name of the maker of its motor and under-chassis.

Any motor-wise European can spot a Farina body without a moment's hesitation. It is not that



*A few of the many score Grande Prix awarded Pinin Farina in international competition.*





Farina's styling has any certain "trademarked" look, for he is the master of brilliant variation, turning forth with equal ease rakish sports racers for professional competition or stately limousines for royal family ceremonies.

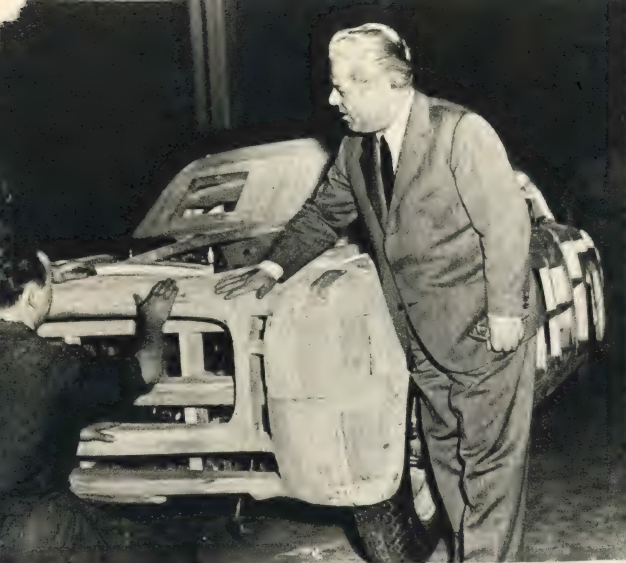
Farina's designs have a subtle character all their own. Fine-car fanciers "collect him," and possession of a Farina is as much a mark

of distinction as the ownership of a chateau at Cannes or a shooting lodge in Scotland.

Signor Farina, a shy little man, has the hard, compact frame of a racetrack driver, which he was; the calloused, quick hands of a "boss" engineer, which he is; and the dynamic force of a truly self-made man. Ruddy-faced and silver-haired, he has a quick, warm charm, dis-

*(continued on page 14)*





One of the many earlier prototype cars of Farina design for the Golden Airflyte soon to be announced.

arming frankness and explosive energy.

He's really "at home" in a roaring, bustling automobile plant outside Turin, Italy—Farina's own. Here 650 craftsmen turn out about 100 fabulously hand-built car bodies a month under Farina's inspection.

Perhaps you'll find him in the paint locker mixing the exact shade of lavender that a certain duchess wants in her new town car. A few minutes later in the mock-up room, wrestling with the whims of an Indian rajah who wants a bar and a refrigerated game-locker in his new hunting car.

Again, it may be the problem of inconspicuously bullet-proofing a car for a certain dictator (name withheld). Or you'll find him squatting, hacksaw in hand and dirty with grease, modifying the suspension system of a ten thousand dollar *Lancia Aurelia* chassis to meet African road requirements. His workers

claim he has Johansson Gauges for eyes.

Not all of his cars are built to an individual order. Alfa-Romeo, for instance, turned over its entire convertible production to him when they saw how hopelessly Farina's design put their own in the shade. But the love of Farina's life are his "prototypes," the creation of completely new automobiles.

A Farina car is flying sculpture. It always looks alive, unobtrusively right,

whether it's streaking down the road or sitting at the curb; whether you view it from front, side or back.

Signor Farina has always been faithful to his own conception of beauty. Fifteen years ago when the small windshield peephole windows and flamboyant fenders were the rage, Farina resisted that trend. Today those Farina models look as freshly modern as most brand-new 1952 designs.

Farina is still equally stubborn on other matters. Ask him about the American habit of "dressing up" everything with chrome, and he will politely smile. Press him further and he may quote an old Italian proverb: "Jewelry is necessary for women uncertain of their beauty." He is so frugal of chrome that his amazing *Cisitalia* sports racer (price, \$7,800) has one simple oval grille as its sole ornamentation.

He abhors the garish, the freakish, unnecessary protuberances or trim.



## A Few of the PROMINENT OWNERS OF FARINA CARS

Prince Bertil of  
Sweden

Prince of Monte  
Carlo

King Leopold of  
Belgium

Guglielmo Marconi

Italo Balbo  
(General)

Evita Peron

Prince Aly Khan

Rita Hayworth

King Umberto of  
Italy

King Farouk of  
Egypt

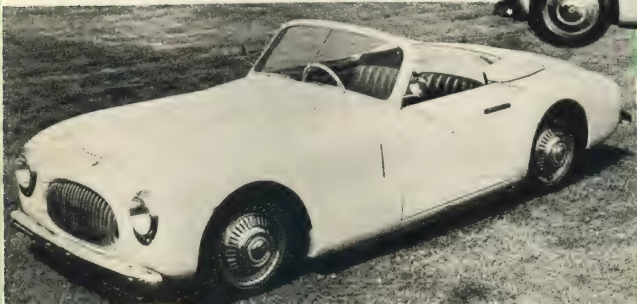
King of Bauchi-  
land (Seretse  
Khama)

He dislikes what he calls "wind-catchers" (anything that disturbs the aerodynamic shape of the car itself).

Unlike most continental designers, Farina has an American's appreciation of comfort. In a Farina-styled car, the seat fits the body, the wheel fits the hand and a spontaneous urge to drive grips you.

It has been no secret in automobile circles that for the past two years Pinin Farina has been working with Nash officials abroad and in Detroit and Kenosha. Rumors were that he was readying his first styled car for American mass production, to coincide with the Nash 50th Anniversary.

One of Farina's "famous"—the  
\$7,800 Cisitalia Sports-Racer.



Farina has conference with his son, Sergi, and Carl Renzo, son-in-law.

*Nash Airflyte Magazine* can report with authority that those rumors are true. Nash Golden Airflytes, styled by Pinin Farina, will soon be seen in Nash showrooms. Expect to see them—the first American cars with continental verve, cars that Nash officials' flatly say "will be the most beautiful cars in the world today!"



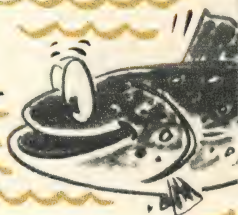
Sweeping lines characterize Cisitalia Custom Coupe bearing Farina crest.

NASH AIRFLYTE MAGAZINE



# HEY! A TALKING TR

No. 36 in a series of  
NASH ads by ED ZERN



ONCE there were a bunch of brown trout hanging around a deep hole in the Beaverkill, shivering and waiting for the ice to break up. All except one fish, who was perspiring.

"What's eating you, Charley?" another trout said. "We're freezing, and you look *hot!*"

"I *am* hot!" said Charley. "Under the collar!"

"He's still sore because he fell for that Quill Gordon last May," another trout said. "Dyed hackle, too!"

"Nuts," said Charley. "That was natural hackle, and a darn good job of fly-tying."

*There are 17 Nash Airflyte Models, in Three Great Series: The Ambassador, The S*





OUT!



"You oughta know," said another trout. "You had it hanging on your jaw for two days."

"All right, you wise guys," said Charley. "I'll tell you what's eating me. It's these new high taxes."

"Get a load of *that*, gents," said another trout. "His heart's breaking for fishermen! Personally, I hope the government bleeds them bums white!"

"Jack," said Charley sadly, "the trouble with you is, you got no foresight. Look. What happens when taxes go up? Fishermen start thinking about the high cost of fishing!"

"So they stay home and whitewash the cellar, or watch television," said another trout. "Is that bad?"

"No they don't!" said Charley. "They start driving Nash Airflytes—saving money on gasoline every trip. And some trips they sleep in them Twin Beds, right

beside the river, and save hotel bills."

"What difference does it make?" said another trout.

"It makes a *lot* of difference, stupid," Charley said. "They'll carry more equipment, in that big Airflyte luggage compartment. They'll be rested and relaxed, driving that easy-to-handle Airflyte and taking turns at the wheel while one guy naps on the single bed or rests in the Airliner Reclining Seat. They'll come oftener, get here earlier, stay later and fish harder! *That's* what's eating me! *Yike!*"

Charley said "Yike!" because what was *really* eating him was an otter, which had snuck up behind him and grabbed him while he was talking.

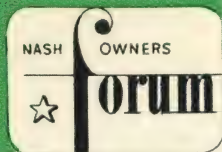
tatesman and The Rambler



#### MORAL

*If you trust a trout to handle the commercial, he's liable to forget to mention the Nash Weather Eye Conditioned Air System.*





## SHOULD ALL HIGH SCHOOLS TEACH DRIVER-TRAINING?

by LEN BARNES, *Associate Editor, Auto Club of Michigan's Motor News*

Police accident records show that the trained high school driver has up to seven times less accidents and 10 times less traffic tickets than the untrained one of the same age. This presumes both drive a similar number of miles in a year. Behind-the-wheel driver-training is offered now in 6,000 high schools across the United States. Over 600,000 youths annually are taught to pilot an auto while in school.

Why then isn't high school driver-training made compulsory in all high schools? It has proven more effective than anything else in the history of the safety field in cutting accidents, points out its "father," Dr. Amos Neyhart, American Automobile Association's driver-training consultant. Dual-control driver-training cars are available without cost to every United States high school that has a trained teacher and can offer the course a minimum number of hours. Cars are loaned through cooperation of auto manufacturers and dealers with AAA and

the participating schools.

Opponents of making this course compulsory in every high school cite the following reasons: Its cost is very high per pupil. Schools now teach too many courses that distract from their primary function—reading, writing and arithmetic. Look at all the poor spellers that graduate. Teaching a person to drive is the responsibility of the family, the dealer who sells the car and police.

Proponents of high school driver-training for all point out that only from a trained teacher can one learn driving without picking up dozens of mistakes most older drivers make unconsciously, like incorrect parking, illegal turning of corners, speeding and riding clutch.

All of us are sick and tired of being exposed to the dangerous, careless drivers who cause accidents to themselves and others. And everyone wants to cut down the 35,000-plus annual death toll on the highways. Is compulsory high school driver-education the solution?

### **RULES** OF NASH OWNERS FORUM CONTEST

Here's your chance to make \$50. Nash Owners Forum will pay \$50 for the best letter received on each side of the question: "Should all high schools teach driver-training?" Letters should not exceed 200 words and should be written neatly with pen and ink or typewritten. Give your dealer's name. No letters postmarked after April 15 will be considered. All entries become the property of Nash Airflyte Magazine and none will be returned. Address your entry: Nash Owners Forum, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Mich.



## TWO TO ONE AGAINST INSPECTION

Judge Wilbur E. Clark, Sea Isle, N.J., and Mr. Lee V. Novak, Virginia Beach, Va., have been declared writers of the best letters entered in the Late Fall issue of NASH OWNERS FORUM on the subject: "Should There Be Compulsory Motor Vehicle Inspection?"

To each go a \$50 check and our congratulations. The winning letters are printed below. Forum judges report entries were received from readers in 21 states. Pennsylvania readers again sent in the most entries. Indiana, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin were runners-up in total entries. The letters indicate that readers are nearly two to one against making motor vehicle inspection compulsory.

### PRO

With all of its obvious shortcomings, I still vote "Yes" on compulsory inspection. That's my belief, crystallized over the past 10 years—as a state trooper, private citizen and now traffic court judge.

Ten years ago I was a trooper with the duty, among others, of promoting highway safety in a Midwestern state. One large city had compulsory inspection—the rest of the state didn't.

Naturally, "junkers" that failed to pass in the Big Town came to the sticks. Defective brakes, one-eyes, blacktails, fogged windshields—we had 'em all! Most of them belonged to people without financial responsibility. So, when the inevitable accidents happened, someone else always got hurt, financially as well as physically.

Today, I live in an Eastern state that has compulsory inspection, through state-owned testing stations. I'm still vitally interested in the problem, as traffic court judge. I drive 20,000 miles a year, but I no longer see the unsafe "heaps" cluttering the highways—a menace to their own and other drivers.

Wilbur E. Clark  
Sea Isle City, N. J.

### CON

Automobile accidents have been occurring since the invention of the automobile. They will continue to occur as long as we have people who drive them or get in the way of them. The answer to the question of prevention of accidents should be directed not toward how the accidents can be eliminated, which is impossible, but rather how can MOST accidents be reduced or prevented altogether.

The solution of inspection of vehicles is not a solution at all. Inspection of vehicles alone, that is, unless such an inspection is carried out concurrently under following conditions, let's call them the "Three E's" in accident prevention: The Education of people toward driving, the Enforcement of rules and regulations pertaining to driving and walking, and the Engineering—traffic control and improvement of driveways.

Proper and continuous education of the driver, strict enforcement of traffic laws, followed by a much stricter discipline against all violators and improved traffic control will reduce and prevent automobile accidents.

Lee V. Novak  
Virginia Beach, Va.





## Hollywood's Best-

You never see the name of Gene Autry on the annual lists of the "Ten Best-Dressed Men." But any young member of the Saturday matinee set can tell you that Gene knows his clothes. In fact, the movie cowboy is said to have one of the most extensive and expensive wardrobes in Hollywood. He has shirts (1) of every description and design. His saddle room (2) is chock full of you know what. Gene hits a typical movie pose (3) wearing an outfit that is standard. None of Gene's boots (4) are alike in color design. He has two dozen 10-gallon hats








## Dressed Man

(5), all of them cream white felt. All of the singing cowboy's guitars (6) are custom made and each one varies slightly from the other in size and tone. Gene loves watches. (7) Extreme right is a roulette watch on which the frame revolves around the dial and the arrow points to the winning number. For formal affairs, Gene is a standout in white (8), complete to white top coat. His wardrobe of mackinaws and lumber jackets (9) assures him warmth. He has a variety of six shooters (10) including ones with ivory, solid silver and solid gold handles.





## SMILES ALONG THE ROAD

Share your smile with Nash Airflyte readers and be richer by five dollars. Nash Airflyte pays five dollars for each Smile Along the Road contributed by a reader and selected for publication. All contributions become the property of Nash Airflyte and none will be returned. Send your contribution along to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Michigan.

### MAKING TRACKS

In the window of a neighborhood grocery store hangs this sign:


"Be Like  
Robinson Crusoe—  
Have Most of Your  
Shopping Done  
By Friday"

*Mrs. Robert B. Foltz  
Indianapolis, Ind.*

### TIGHTEN THE REINS

A warning posted outside a Connecticut village:

"Drive Carefully—  
This is a One-Hearse Town"  
*Joseph D. Yablonski  
Olyphant, Pa.*



**YOUR FEET ARE  
KILLING ME**

**OUCH!**

This sign was seen on a grassy lawn last summer in Custer, S. D.


*Mrs. I. G. Christner  
Sterling, Colo.*

### ROYAL FEAST

At the Washington Zoological Park, this sign:

All Lost Children  
and Articles  
Will be Brought  
To the Lion House

*Mrs. A. Davidson  
Newark, N. J.*



**Cider Mill**

**1/2 MILE**

**WORMS FOR SALE**

### NOTHING WASTED!

Signs seen together at Pierson, Mich.

*Mrs. C. Lowell Robling  
Grand Rapids, Mich.*



### CHIC CHICKS

Seen near Nashville, Ark.:

*Doyle Lookadoo  
Grand Prairie, Texas*



### YANKEE HUMOR

Near Berlin, Conn., on the Wilbur Cross Parkway, a large sign boasts:

"Sho Nuff"  
Northern Fried  
Chicken

*Mrs. Donald O. Davis  
Englewood, N. J.*

### SORTA CRUSTY?

Sign seen on a roadside restaurant:

"We make pies like Mother  
used to make  
before she learned to play  
Canasta."

*Maynard S. Green  
Woodville, Wis.*

### ABUSED FRUIT

Sign spotted by a roadside stand:

Black and Blue Berries

*Mrs. Theron R. Rhinard  
Berwick, Pa.*

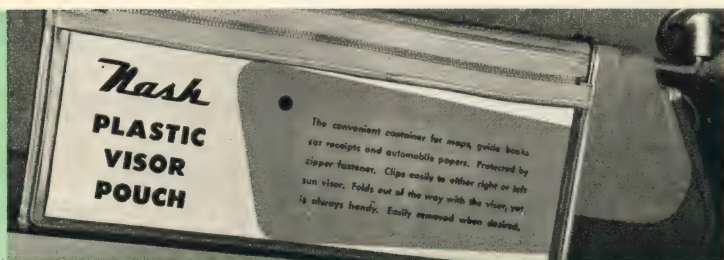
### DRY MESSAGE

This sign was seen on a New York highway:

"The Driver is Safer When  
the Roads are Dry.

The Roads are Safer When  
the Driver is Dry."

*Robert Knapp  
Haddon Heights, N. J.*



### PLASTIC VISOR POUCH

Do you often have to stop your car to find maps, account books, receipts and other items you need on business or pleasure trips? Why don't you keep them handy—and in one place? You can do it with this attractive **PLASTIC VISOR POUCH**. It is supported by spring steel rods and is easily clipped to either left or right sun visor. The pouch—which has a zipper fastener—is made of durable, heavy gauge flexible plastic. When not in use, it folds out of the way with the sun visor. Get yours today.



who's **AMONG Nash OWNERS** who

## HOME FROM THE SEA

After 31 years in the Merchant Marine, Mr. Thomas James has become a confirmed landlubber and now operates a restaurant and soda fountain in Morris, a little village in upstate New York.

There, he and his wife can stretch their legs on their own lawn, work their own garden and spend many happy hours remodeling an old ranch-type house they bought. Best of all, the garage is part of the house, and it houses their Nash.

Mr. and Mrs. James, both natives of Liverpool, England, came to America 28 years ago and made their home in New York City. Mr. James was engaged in the catering service in the Merchant Marine and continued that work after coming to this country. He worked for various lines, including Cunard and Furness-Bermuda. His last berth was aboard the "City of Norwich," as Purser-Chief Steward.

Mr. James quit the sea in 1946

and bought a small shop in New York. On a visit to England in 1948—their first visit home since coming to America—they realized that to really see the country they needed a car. Back in this country again, they shopped around and decided on a Nash Ambassador.

When they went to England again in 1950, they took their car with them. They toured England, Scotland and Wales, covering 5,000 miles in all. At every stop, youngsters would gather around their automobile. "Ain't she a smasher," was a typical expression of admiration.

When Mr. and Mrs. James returned to New York, they heard about a restaurant and soda fountain business for sale in Morris. They bought the business. Now they spend most of their time in the store waiting on customers. But they manage to work on the house now and then and to enjoy the countryside in their car.



\*\*\*\*\*

# THE OLD FORT

New Paltz, N. Y.

\*\*\*\*\*



History lives again as you drive slowly along the banks of the Wallkill in New York State toward the Street of the Huguenots—one of the oldest streets in America with its original houses still preserved and intact.

Just a few moments off the beaten path, Old Huguenot Street is in the town of New Paltz, N. Y., and can be reached out of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Route 55 across the Hudson. Or, if you are driving on the West Bank of the Hudson, take Route 299 off 9W into New Paltz.

The Old Fort, built in 1705 as a refuge from Indian attack, still possesses lookout windows high on the north stone wall. On the street side the musket holes can be seen.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, the Fort was a center of hospitality for the surrounding countryside and, today, under the direction of Mrs. George Oates, it carries on this tradition by welcoming you for luncheon and dinner.

Excellent food is graciously served, and the interior is furnished with authentic antiques. There's a feeling of friendliness between Mrs. Oates and her co-workers that permeates the place. The waitresses are unusually pleasant and courteous.

Miss Alice Crans who has been cook and friend of the Fort for over a decade, doesn't "cook by book but by feel." When you try her chicken, her fresh coconut cake, her honey peanut sundae and, above all, her strawberry meringue pie—you probably will want to throw out all books and "cook by feel," too!

If you can still wiggle after a feast at the Fort, be sure to visit the Museum, built in 1712, the church and old cemetery and the four other old stone houses, all within short walking distance.

For an unsurpassed Coq au Vin that will amply serve six people the Old Fort offers this recipe:

## CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Cut three 2-pound broilers in sections. Season with garlic salt and pepper. Saute in butter until golden brown. Add: 6 medium-sized onions sliced in rings, 1 medium-sized pepper cut in lengthwise strips and 6 medium-sized mushrooms cut in quarters (or 1 can button mushrooms). Saute with the chicken. Add 1 cup medium dry cooking sherry and 1 quart chicken gravy made from giblets. Cover and simmer very slowly for about 45 minutes until tender. Serve in individual casseroles.



# Basketball's Biggest Show

*More than 12,000 fans jammed N.C. State College's Coliseum in Raleigh, N.C., each night during last year's NCAA regional basketball tournament playoffs.*

## 5 CITIES TO SHARE NCAA TOURNAMENT

Across the land—the nation's collegiate basketball teams are heading down the homestretch battling for a berth in the 1952 NCAA national championship basketball tournament scheduled for late March.

This year, five cities will share the national title tourney. On March 21-22, regional champions will fight it out in Raleigh, N. C.; Chicago; Kansas City, Mo.; and Corvallis, Ore. The regional winners then will go to Seattle for the finals set for March 25-26.

More than 100,000 rabid cage fans saw last year's over-all tournament. And the National Collegiate Athletic Association expects an even

larger total attendance this year.

Approximate capacity for each of the tournament's 10 nights would add up to an attendance of some 135,000. The Chicago Stadium has a seating capacity of 22,000; Seattle, 12,500; Raleigh, 12,000; Corvallis, 10,600 and Kansas City, 10,000.

From miles around these hoop centers, basketball fans drive in for the games by the thousands. Basketball has steadily grown in popularity from the early days of the peach basket goal in Y gymnasiums to the massive and ultra-modern arenas and coliseums of college campuses today.

For the first time in 10 years there





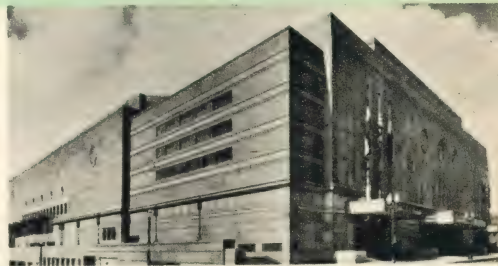
*Oregon State's Coliseum, Corvallis, will seat 10,000 for sectional games there.*



*University of Washington's stadium, Seattle, seating 12,500, will get finals.*

*The Chicago Stadium can accommodate 22,000 for regional tournament there.*

*Some 10,000 can watch quarter finals in Kansas City Municipal Auditorium.*



will be no tournament games in New York City. This is in keeping with the NCAA's policy to rotate the sites as much as possible so that all sections of the country will have a chance to see the championship play. Also, it wasn't possible until recently to schedule tournament play around the nation because adequate courts were not available.

The champions of 10 major conferences are automatically eligible for the tournament. This means that the title-holders from the Big Seven, Big Ten, Border, Eastern Missouri Valley, Mountain States (Skyline), Pacific Coast, Southeastern, Southern and Southwest are certain to compete for the 1952 prize. In addition, six other competitors will be picked from the

other top teams in the country.

College basketball had something of a setback during the 1950-51 season as a result of charges that games were being fixed. One result of the notoriety was the back-to-the-campus movement that put basketball games on campus courts.

And, interestingly enough, officials report that a new wave of basketball popularity has followed this move—with attendance getting mighty boosts.

The 1952 NCAA tournament will climax one of the outstanding years of college basketball play in the United States.

It's basketball's biggest show. Only the champions are there—16 fast, hard-playing teams representing the best there is from coast to coast.

HELPFUL

FROM

# Hints

To put life into old suede shoes, just boil some water on the stove and hold the shoes over the steam for a minute or so. Then brush and the shoes have a new look.

*Muriel Mennillo  
Troy, N.Y.*

To give a fresh new appearance to the fireplace, whiten the mortar between the bricks with white shoe polish.

*Edna Bevan  
Seattle, Wash.*

When picking up pieces of broken glass from the table or the floor, try using a wet cleansing tissue to pick up those tiny bits. They will adhere to it easily and you will have no cut fingers.

*Rhea Graham  
Hutchinson, Kans.*

To keep from falling on icy walks, crisscross adhesive tape on the heels and soles of boots.

*Mrs. H. W. Szczepanski  
Milwaukee, Wis.*



## Use Your Overdrive

Make sure you enjoy all the economy, driving ease and freedom from engine wear that your Nash Automatic Overdrive affords. Install a Nash Overdrive Indicator Light on your car. Working automatically from the overdrive solenoid switch, it flashes on when car speed indicates you should be in overdrive. Quickly and easily installed. The indicator light appears on your instrument panel. Let us install a Nash Overdrive Indicator Light today.



Here's an economy note for the housewife: A half cup of crushed cornflakes and an eighth teaspoon of almond extract may be used as a substitute for nutmeats in a cake.

*Norma J. Nachtigall  
Buhler, Kans.*

Set your garbage can inside an old tire. This will keep your garbage can from blowing over and assure you of a neat yard.

*Mrs. Edward Ruch  
Spring Lake, Mich.*

When there is a little too much fat floating on top of your favorite stew or soup, pass an icy cold leaf of lettuce over the top of the food and the unwanted droplets will coagulate and cling to the leaf, leaving just the richness that you enjoy.

*David H. Lebovitz  
Cleveland, Ohio*

When mounting curtains on a stretcher, you won't risk pricking your fingers if you use a fork to press each section of curtain into place on the pins of the frame.

*Amelia Wargo  
Bethlehem, Pa.*

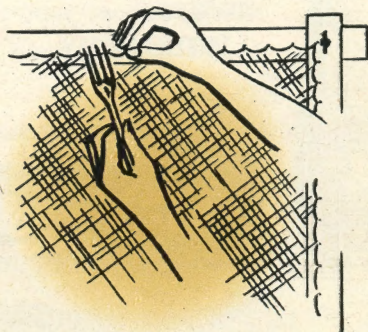
If you have a favorite way of performing some ordinary household task, or have discovered a short-cut in the performance of some chore, send it along. Nash Airflyte Magazine will pay five dollars for each contribution published. None will be returned. Address all contributions to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Michigan.

To keep tools from getting rusted, I always put a handful of mothballs into the tool box. They absorb the moisture.

*J. S. Kolarik  
Berwyn, Ill.*

A toy whistle is grand to blow to call the children in when wanted. It saves steps and time.

*Mrs. J. C. Wilkes  
Candor, N. C.*



# Leave it to the Ladies

Nearly every type of business has its "peak periods" or rush hours, and Automobile Service is no exception to this rule.

With us, the rush hour begins as soon as we open in the morning and extends until approximately 9:30 a.m. Because of the time required to carefully write-up and plan Service Orders, delays can result.

However, some of our customers have found a way to dodge this occasional "traffic jam." They make plans to get along without their cars for a day and have their wives bring in their cars for service around 10 a.m.

This plan works out nicely for many reasons: First, needed services are not "put off;" second, at this time of day we already have our work scheduled and usually are able to give an accurate estimate of the time required to complete the work and third, *you save time.*

... so next time your car needs service, just jot down the work that should be performed, make arrangements to get along without your car for a day and LEAVE IT TO THE LITTLE LADY ...

**IF YOU CAN**



**...WAIT TILL TEN!**





# Service For M'Lady!

We Aim to Please the Ladies. That's Why You  
Can Always Be Sure of Courteous Complete  
Service, When You Bring Your Car to Us



THE WORLD'S  
*MOST MODERN* SERVICE



BRING YOUR *Nash* TO FOLKS WHO KNOW IT BEST



SEC. 34.66 P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

**PAID**

DETROIT, MICH.

Permit No. 5548

Howard E Kilborn  
906 Bauman Ave  
Austin Minn

## WE WANT TO PLEASE YOU



When you come in for service, please feel free to discuss your car's needs with us in detail. This helps us to better understand the work involved and helps assure you that the job will be done right. We want you to be satisfied with our service because we want to keep you as a service customer and be sure you are happy with the car you are driving.

## ENSTAD NASH, INC.

1327 Oakland Ave., W.

Austin, Minn.

Phone 9639

*More For Your Cash at Enstad Nash*

14-5